

BLUE GRASS BLADE

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DEVOTED TO THE PROPAGANDA OF FREEDOM OF THOUGHT

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High and Ashland East Side
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BLISS OR BLISTERS.

(By Dr. J. B. Wilson.)

Oh! fer them good old preachin' days,
When preachin' it wuz preachin';
When Hell wuz handed out red-hot,
'Stid o' this modern teachin';
When sermons like a cyclone swept
The conscience! My! what twisters!
'An few they sed wuz sure o' bliss,
But most wuz sure o' blisters.

The people them days went to church
An' filled the Amen Corner;
When they back-slid they slid right back,
Thar warn't a single scorner;
An' all sat spell-bound when the whip
O' Hell wuz hissin' o'er 'em;
But since they've took the cracker off,
Somehow, the sermons bore 'em.

A sorrow fell when now an' 'en,
They sent us scholar preachers;
Fer they wuz tame,—what we liked most
Wuz 'em salvation screechers;
Who shoveled brimstone fast's they could,
An' served thar sermons steamin';
Thar warn't no fowl too fat fer 'em,
Nor bed too soft fer dreamin'.

Alas! Them good old days hev gone,
The fires no more they're pokin';
An' ef they mention Hell at all,
It's taken jes' ez jokin';
But my! how good I wuz them times,
When settin' 'tween my sisters,
They told how one in ten got bliss,
An' t'other nine got blisters.